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B. U. H. S.

La Revista

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To

Prof. Robert H. Blee

Miss May F. Boudinot

Miss Jessie M. Robertson

and

Miss Evylena Nunn

*The Student Body of Banning Union High
School respectfully dedicate this volume of*

"LA REVISTA"

357 JUN 16 17

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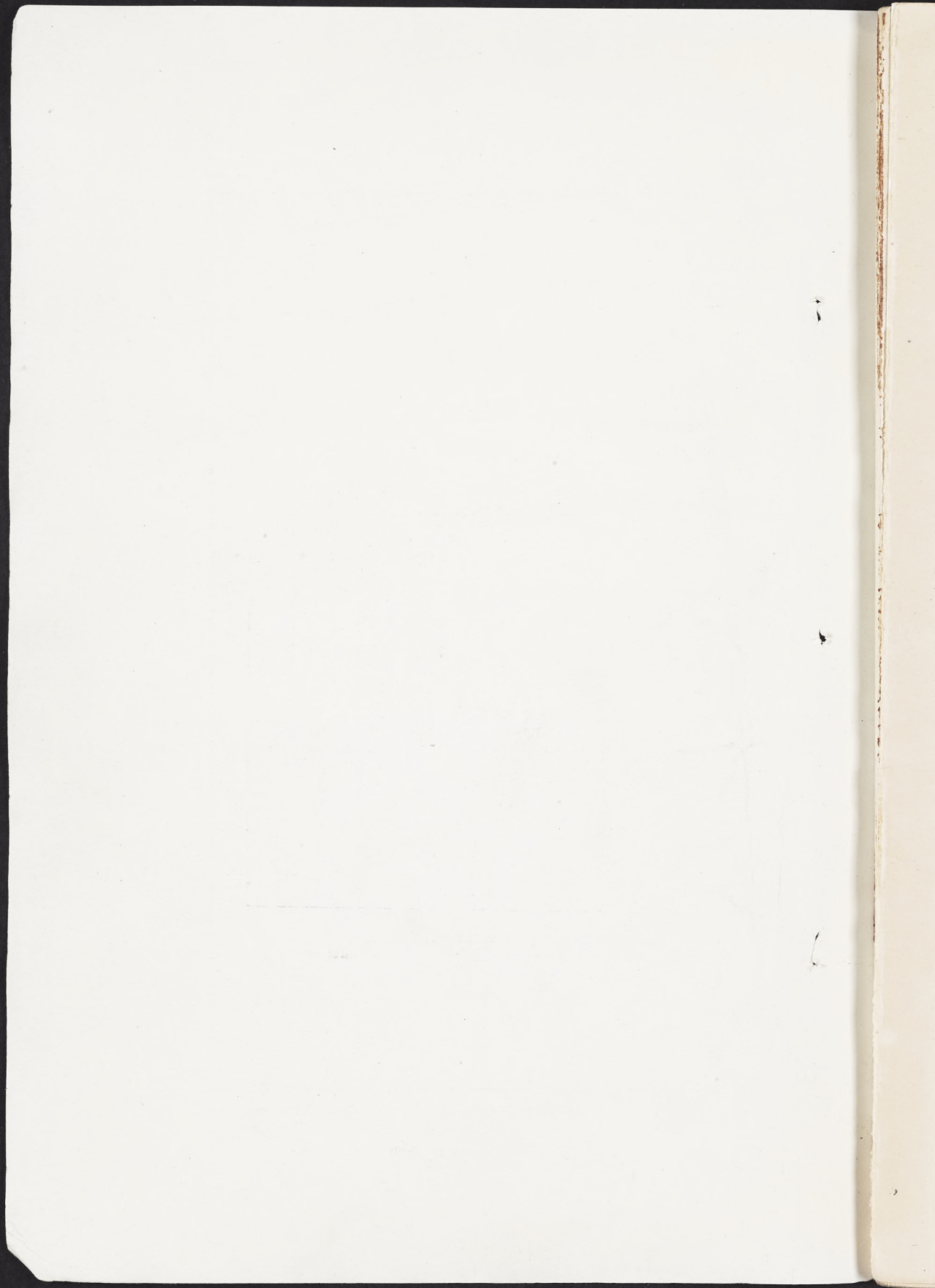
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ROBERT H. BLEE





We, the student body of Banning High School, appreciate very much the support given us by the subscribers of Banning; and also of firms outside of town. Almost everywhere we applied business men were always willing to give us an advertisement.

We hope that the readers of this little paper will not neglect to pay some attention to these advertisements, and patronize these firms as much as possible, because they are full worthy of our support.



La Revista

Volume I



Editorial Staff

WILSON R. STONE, '16	-	-	Editor-in-Chief
BEAUFORD HANSEN, '18	-	-	Assistant Editor
THELMA RECHE, '16	-	-	Literary Editor
ESTHER FRANKLIN, '15	-	-	- Social Editor
LOGAN HOLCOMB, '17	-	-	Athletic Editor
BEULAH ELI, '15	-	-	- Comic Editor
BAYARD ELLIS	-	-	- Business Manager





CLASS OF 1915

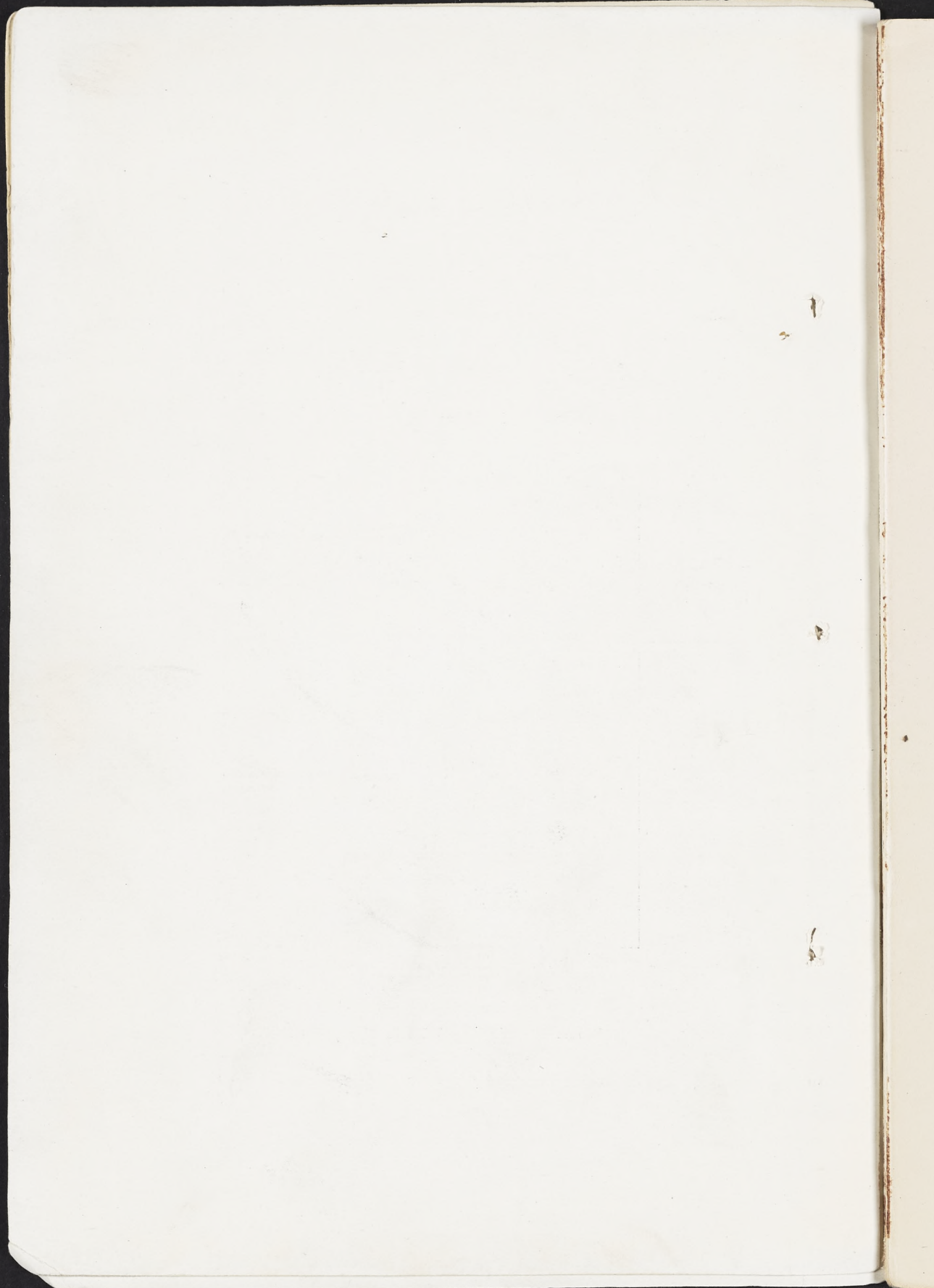
Beulah Eli

William Mackey

Cora Cusick

Esther Franklin

Julia Jennings, President



Class Will

WE, the Senior Class of 1915 being in perfect health and sane mind, realizing that the days of our senior year are numbered, leave this last will and testament bequeathing all of our belongings and valuables as follows:

First: We will our dignified Senior row to the Juniors—furthermore we warn them not to let Bayard have the back seat, as he is a very disturbing element.

Second: We bequeath our dignity and good behavior to class '18—take it, Freshies, and don't forget to give Mr. Strong a goodly portion.

Third: To the Sophies we leave our great learning, known as wisdom. Also our Brooks composition books and beg them to study, love and cherish them as we have done.

Fourth: William Mackey bequeaths his greatest accomplishment—that of blushing—to Buford Hansen.

P. S. To his friend "Art" he leaves his modesty and sober countenance, hoping he will use them daily as long as they last.

Fifth: Esther Franklin wills her bright mind, good behavior and studious habits to Pinky Jennings.

Sixth: To Miss Boudinot the second year German class leaves all of our German literature books, on condition that she takes good care of them, because we are indeed very much attached to them.

Seventh: Julia Jennings leaves all of her books and pencils to Wilson Stone. He will find them stacked neatly at the foot of the stairs next year. She leaves the back seat on the east side of Miss Robertson's room to him also.

Julia expects to go to college next year and she wishes to carry most of her talents with her, but by the careful art of persuasion she has decided to leave her gentle voice

at B. U. H. S. with May Hargrave and requests her to use it to the best advantage. Her curly hair she leaves to Ellen Curry.

Eighth: Beulah Eli leaves her love of German to Charley Wing also her book cribbing if Miss Boudinot does not care. She leaves her ability to play and sing to Murrel Glazier, her talent for cracking jokes to May Hargrave, her bright, pretty smile to Myrtle Morris.

Ninth: Cora Cusick leaves her beloved books, desks, pencils (?) and love of study to Bayard Ellis, with information concerning the whereabouts of each. The desk will be in its accustomed place, right behind William's, the books, pencils and "student body note book paper" will be in said desk. The love of study will be left for safe keeping in Mr. Blee's office under the table in a cookie box.

Tenth: We bequeath to class '16 valuable information concerning the easiest way to elect a class president—"draw straws."

Eleventh: William Mackey leaves to P. K. the exclusive right of being "Seniors' Pet" next year.

He also leaves to Loretta the right to wear his class ring until next year.

Twelfth: To the Student Body each one of us bequeaths a penny to help pay the expenses for the coming year. This treasure will be found safely locked up in the "Joke Box."

Thirteenth: To the teachers we leave the memory of our brilliant work and our well-cared for books, which have not been disposed of previously. We also leave to them the pleasant memory of ourselves when we were good (if we ever were in that state), and beg that we may take with us the memory of the times when we were naughty.

C. C., '15

Class Prophecy

IT was immediately after the commencement exercises—before the Senior Class of 1915 had left the dear old Banning High School, before they had said farewell to their happy school life and had stepped across the threshold into the world, that the class was gathered in one room of the building, enjoying their last feed. Suddenly the door opened and a queer old woman entered. Mere words could never picture her appearance and its effect upon the assembled class. Her face was haggard and worn and she was dressed in a bright red and green costume, which greatly emphasized her wild appearance. Her little bead-like eyes glittered in a strange manner.

For several minutes after her entrance, silence reigned. But the gypsy, for such she proved to be, broke the stillness by saying that she desired to foretell the future of each member of our class. Thinking that it would be great fun, we consented.

William Mackey, as the only Senior boy, was the first to approach and find out what the future had in store for him.

As the gypsy took his hand, she deliberated for a time and finally said, "These lines are very badly intermingled. At present your future occupation is not certain. You will try something—ah! is it—yes, racing, but some accident will cause you to change. Then you will become a doctor. You will ever be successful in this occupation. But you will be—ah! There is no need to blush, for you will always be a bachelor. Yes, but bachelors are always happy they say. So never mind."

The girls then insisted that as president of the class Julia Jennings must precede them in making inquiry concerning a future career. And this is what she heard.

"You will go to another state to live. But you will be a great business woman and will travel much throughout the country. Wide will be your experiences."

Esther Franklin was next to step out from among her classmates. She stood trembling before the gypsy, but was quite happy when she heard the following "You will go to college and after completing your course you will teach young people, but for a short time only. Somebody you have already met will take you away from your work. Yes, take you away. Then your time will be spent on a ranch with your faithful companion. You will always be happy."

To Cora Cusick came these words: "You will continue school—yes, I see a school in Santa Barbara. You will learn domestic science and then teach. You will be a very good teacher. But you will want a change. Yes, you will buy a nice little home, where you will live, with a garden, chickens, cat and parrot. You'll be very kind and watchful over your pets and will live a very happy life, always doing all you can to help others. No, you will not marry."

Last to come forward was Beulah Eli. The gypsy hesitated thoughtfully for a moment and then said, "You will be a great singer. Your hand is adapted for playing. You will study in France and be a great opera singer. I see large stages and many theaters."

As the last stepped back into the merry group of schoolmates, the gypsy rose, made some motions which no one understood and saying, "Farewell," vanished.



Ten years had passed. In the fall of 1925 I was in California, where my large business interests had called me. It was my first visit to the state in eight years as previously my annual business trips had taken me to other sections. I decided to look up some of my old friends, especially the graduates of the Banning High School in 1915. But this was not necessary as I heard from all of them without much trouble.

One day as I was leaving my hotel a large auto drove up and a portly looking gentleman stepped out. You can

fancy my surprise when I recognized him as my old schoolmate, William Mackey. I was very glad to learn that he was successful as a doctor in one of our largest cities. That evening I met him again and our conversation drifted back to our old school days and particularly to our classmates of 1915.

Through him I learned that Cora Cusick was then happy in her little home near Banning. Yes, she had gone to Santa Barbara, where she studied domestic science and had taught five years. But she decided to return to Banning, the scene of many of her happy triumphs, and settle down.

To my great sorrow he could tell me nothing concerning the other two members of our class.

But the next morning I left for Los Angeles and while there I heard a great deal about Beulah Eli, who was to sing at the Orpheum that night. All agreed that she was the star of American opera.

After completing my business I had a few days left and I decided to visit one of my old chums who was then living at Riverside. One evening after my arrival she asked me to accompany her on a drive to a friend's home, where she was invited to spend the evening. I consented, and was very glad afterwards that I had done so. Reaching her home after an hour's drive, we were greeted by a young woman whom my friend addressed as Esther. I at once recognized her as Esther Franklin, who had graduated with me. We went into the house where I met her husband, a dark, handsome looking man. They owned a large ranch and were very happy. This was the last one of my classmates and I departed for home the next day, glad that I found out about all of our class, and that the old gypsy's prophecy had come true.

J. J., '15.

Class History

THE class of 1915, whom the whole school loves and will mourn for after its departure out into the wide world of trials and pleasures, has a complex but interesting history. When we first entered high school we were a noble class of eleven capable students. Being rather shy youngsters we gained the favor of the faculty for the first few months on account of our good behavior. Very interesting indeed were we to the upper classmen for we were the "green" Freshies. We endured much and took the blame for mischief done by Juniors and Seniors.

Becoming members of the Student Body by initiation into that august order was a great feast of laughter and tears, scorn and contempt. We were asked to do the most embarrassing stunts to the ridicule of the upper classmen, who looked upon it as one source of amusement. Some were treated more civilly than others, but as a rule the medicine administered was equally bitter for all. We waded through all of it and rallied by the assurance that we would sometime get our revenge on other poor Freshies.

We used to think that carrying four subjects in high school was a small burden, but our minds have been slightly changed through experience, our most reliable teacher.

Algebra was a subject which set our wheels to working. How funny it was to us to take nothing and make something out of it; nevertheless we did, and sometimes we had a lot of something, which proved to be nothing.

William had a warm heart for Latin and often mastered the dear old subject with great tact. Cora, who was especially proud of physical geography, could fairly quote passages from the book, when called upon to recite.

On we struggled through the first year and looked forward to the time when we could call ourselves Sophomores. It was great to be a Freshman but greater still

to be a Sophomore. We had been told the meaning of "Freshie," and also of "Sophomore," so with a contraction of the meaning of the two words we were told by the dignified Seniors that after entering the Sophomore year we would be "wise fools." That was doubtful encouragement to be sure, but why should we care since we had stepped over the Freshman year.

When we entered our Sophomore year our number had decreased by four. The first day of school eight smiling faces occupied the Sophomore row. Now we thought a path of roses leading to glory was before us, but after several weeks of such fancy our ideas changed as they had done during the first year, after trials and worries.

"Whoever invented geometry?" was a common phrase among the classmates, for geometry was seemingly as useless to us as algebra had been.

English was Julia's long suit, and my, how she could read! We had to watch our books when Julia started to read. She never mispronounced a word and always read quite audibly.

The Sophomore year was not quite as interesting as the first year had been. However there was one thing which we did take great pleasure in doing and that was listening to the Freshies recite. Whenever a mistake was made we made fun of them just to see if they would shake in their boots and blush.

Thus the Sophomore year disappeared from our view, and a still richer life was anticipated, when we could enter the third year of our higher education. Now our names would change and we could be called the Jolly Juniors. The name in itself was enough to make us jolly and that we were. High School life by this time had fastened itself upon us with a firm determination that we were in it for the best we could accomplish by it.

One of our brilliant girls who had labored so successfully in trying to master Latin and Caesar in the first two years respectively, began the study of Virgil, the third

year and absorbed the mythical narrative for half a year or more. Then she decided it was of no avail and dropped it. English was a strenuous subject for we had to take fourth year English in the third year.

Miss Hield, who was our English teacher, was often quite lenient with us but she advanced our acquaintance with Milton, Shakespeare and Tennyson.

Here we took up that form of science known as chemistry. In our freshman year we had looked forward to the time when we could delve into the mysteries of chemistry, for we caught the fumes of many unpleasant gases and were always curious to know what they were.

Now we could heat glass over the gas jets and twist it into fancy shapes, especially if we knew the glass supply was low. Many a delicate test tube went to its doom at the flames, and many a piece of sodium was wasted by the curious Seniors of 1914, with whom we worked in this scientific study.

By this time we had been so strictly forbidden to crib our books that it was almost a thing of the past. To be sure we exercised great mental ability to refrain from the cultivated habit which had clung to us so long. About three months before school closed that year one of our girls and later one boy left us, ready to go out into the world, satisfied, it would seem, with what they had already received. We were sorry to lose them and I think they hated to leave us.

Several weeks before that term closed we were calling ourselves Seniors, to tease the real Seniors as they thought themselves to be, and as the lower classmen now think of us. Thus the term ended and only one more year remained for us, but it was the crowning year of the course, and so was looked upon with much anticipation.

When the last year opened we found ourselves with the five noble members of today, full of vim and with brilliancy not excelled.

Physics as defined by those who took it was "a most interesting study of the most impossible things under the most improbable circumstances." William and Esther entered its realm and they claim it to be a great brain producer. Therefore it is highly recommended to Freshies and Sophomores in particular.

As I have said previously, we took fourth year English in the third year, so in the Senior year we had a chance to take third year English. My, but it was interesting! Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, and Long's English Literature being the parts over which we labored so hard, and which we loved so well.

I must not forget to make special mention of the German class composed of all our able members but one, who thought Spanish looked more promising and took it readily.

Miss Boudinot started us in German in the Junior year and we can well assure you that when she stood up before us and said the a b c's we thought they were the queerest sounding things known to man.

Then when we advanced a little and started learning our vocabularies, it began to get interesting, and especially when Miss Boudinot would say "Wiederholen Sie," meaning repeat. In our estimation that word and the word "conjugation," meaning conjugation, but pronounced so peculiarly, were always laughable to us. Then learning to write the German script was another feature which we fully enjoyed.

Reading stories and books came next, and the deeper we went into the work the more we enjoyed it. Although the work was difficult at times and required deep and careful study, we have lived through it all and will never regret it.

The Seniors of today have set the example for the Seniors of the coming generation by getting rings as their class emblem. Hereafter rings will continue to be popular. As the class of 1915 with its five dear members slip slowly out into the world, we wish to be remember-

ed by our fellow students, and ask for a place in all their hearts, saying nothing of the faculty under whom we were tutored and who so skilfully and so tactfully performed their duties and placed us where we now stand.

B. E. '15

THE SCHOOL CLOCK

I count the time for thousands,
While others time idle away;
I watch the school and the playgrounds,
And never think of play.

I see things never thought of,
In the study hall at school;
I see the children playing,
And disobeying the rule.

There are times I feel quite weary,
But duty I will not shirk;
Till my hands move slowly onward,
And start the pupils to work.

I am never a minute off duty,
To whisper or be gay;
Like the pupils who come to my school,
To study, and not to play.

If every one would be like me,
And never stop duty to play;
Their work would be praised by thousands,
And glory would come their way.

If you students wish to be prosperous,
In school, as well as at work;
Just go with steady motion,
And never think to shirk.

W. B., '18



CLASS OF 1916

Bayard Ellis, (President), Loretta Ghriest, (Secretary),
Paul Kalar, Marjorie Meissen
Wilson R. Stone, Thelma Reche



CLASS OF 1917

Frances Gilman, May Hargrave, James Hodges, Logan Holcomb,
Agnes Mackey, Ruth Mullen, Virginia Vincent
Charles Wing, Esther Wolf



CLASS OF 1918

Wilkie Brock Harold Camacho Ellen Currie Milton Gandy
 Merle Glazier, Beauford Hansen, Lillian Heustis, Zylpha Meissen,
 Myrtle Morris, Gladys Nowlin, Samuel Smith (President), Arthur Long

Graduates of Banning Union High School

1899

Miss Susan Bird (Mrs. R. H. Coombs), Banning, California, graduate of Stanford University.

Miss Marian Bird (Mrs. Frank Barbour), San Diego, California.

1900

Mr. Robert Fountain, student at Stanford University. Died.

Mr. Frank Reid (Prof. F. G. Reid), A. B. Pomona College. Married. Vice-Principal Long Beach High School, Long Beach. B. S. University of California.

1901

Miss Laura Reid (Mrs. A. B. Handshy), Santa Cruz, California.

Miss Frances King (Mrs. Tom Hannay), graduate of Stanford University. Engaged on Mission field, Kijabe, British East Africa.

1902

Miss Hattie Richards. Graduate of Los Angeles Normal. Teacher.

Miss Martha Morris (Mrs. Robert King). Graduate Los Angeles Normal. Banning, California.

Miss Madge King (Mrs. N. L. Prince). Graduate Stanford University. Banning, California.

1903

Miss Laura Hauverman. Student at Stanford University. Teacher of Art, Los Angeles.

Mr. Martin Hannum. Assayer. Los Angeles, California.

Mr. Thomas Morris. Residing near San Francisco, California.

1904

Miss Julia May Bailiff. Graduate Stanford University. Teacher in Colton schools. Cabazon, California.

Miss Jessica Bird. Student at Stanford University. Journalist. Banning, California.

Mr. Harry Holcomb. Student at Stanford University.
Married. Hardware and plumbing business. Banning,
California.

Mr. Fred Holcomb. Graduate Stanford University. Married.
Artist. Los Angeles, California.

Mr. Harry Martin. Student at Stanford University.
Married. Redondo, California.

Mr. Enos Reid. Married. Graduate U. S. C. Dental
College. Dentist. Corona, California.

Miss Elizabeth Weinland. Student of Domestic Science,
Santa Barbara Normal. Teacher in graded schools,
Santa Paula, California.

Miss Caroline Weinland (Mrs. Pierce Egan). Graduate
Pomona College. Banning, California.

1905

Mr. Geo. Ingelow. Graduate Stanford University. Teacher.
State Normal, Arcapa, California.

Mr. Horace Bird. Married. Cashier First National
Bank. Banning, California.

Mr. Charles O. Reid. Graduate Pomona College. Married.
Deputy in County Auditor's office. Riverside,
California.

Mr. Henry Weinland. Graduate Pomona College. Married.
County Horticulturist. San Diego, California.

Miss Mabel Gilman. Student at San Bernardino Business
College. Banning, California.

Mr. Robert B. Whitaker. Graduate Theological College,
Oakland. Married. Missionary. Hawaiian Islands.

1906

Miss Mable Ingelow (Mrs. Erle Viau). Trained for nursing
at Clara Barton Hospital. Banning.

Mr. John Graf. Graduate Pomona College. Tree inspector.
Long Beach, California.

Miss Hannah Reid (Mrs. J. L. Prince). Banning, California.

Miss Nettie Kolb (Mrs. A. J. Blakeley). Trained for
nursing at County Hospital. Los Angeles, California.

Miss Harriet King. Graduate Stanford University.
Teacher at Pasadena High School. Banning, California.

1907

Miss Evelyn Kolb (Mrs. H. G. Holcomb). Banning, California.

Miss Ruth Ellis. Librarian. Banning, California.

1908

Mr. Edwin Warren. Married. Rancher. Downey, California.

Miss Ethel Gilman. Graduate Los Angeles Normal.
Teacher at San Bernardino. Banning, California.

Miss Pearl Clark (Mrs. Fred Holcomb). Los Angeles, California.

Mr. James Fitzhugh. Married. Architect. Los Angeles, California.

1909

Miss Lillian Reid. Graduate Los Angeles Normal. Teacher in Beaumont, California.

Miss Florence Prouty. Banning, California.

Miss Lola Buttles (Mrs. Cyrus B. French). Student
Riverside Business College. Banning, California.

1910

Mr. Robert Tudor. Student at University of Southern California. Employed by Consolidated Reservoir & Power Company, Banning, California.

Mr. G. F. Weinland. Graduate Pomona College. Principal of graded schools. Arizona.

Miss Lela Warren (Mrs. Paine). Los Angeles, California.

Miss Mayme Sweeters. Trained for nursing at Clara Barton Hospital. Los Angeles, California.

Miss Robina Innes. Student at University of Southern California, Los Angeles, California.

Miss Arnette McLean. Student at Tarkio, Mo.

Miss Eva Young. Los Angeles, California.

Miss Ina Kalar. Graduate San Bernardino Business College. Banning, California.

1911

Miss Blanche Devine. Student at Los Angeles Normal.

Miss Maud Blanchard (Mrs. Curtis Black). Student at Redlands University. Banning, California.

Mr. Walter Graf. Puente, California.

Miss Frieda Iselin. Student at Pomona College. Banning, California.

Miss Geneva Fountain. Ordway, Colorado.

1912

Mr. James Weinland. Student at Pomona College. Banning, California.

Mr. Kelly Reid. Student at Pomona College. Banning, California.

Miss Ruth Reid. Student at Los Angeles Normal. Banning, California.

Miss Grace Makosky. Teacher.

Mr. Harry Hield. Student at Pomona College. Rancher. Armada, California.

1913

Miss Emma Chisholm. Student at Los Angeles Normal. Los Angeles, California.

Miss Olive Kalar. Student at Nazarene University, Pasadena. Banning, California.

1914

Mr. Harold Fountain. Student at Pomona. Banning, California.

Mr. William Westerfield. Student at Occidental. Banning, California.

Mr. Douglas Holcomb. Student at Occidental College. Banning, California.

Mr. Albin Iselin. Student at Pomona College. Banning, California.

Mr. William Weinland. Teamster. Banning, California.

Miss Bernice Jones. Student at Riverside Business College. Banning, California.

LOOKING BACKWARD

The Banning High School, when we delve into the records of its first years, appears to have "just growned," Topsy-like, in response to an urgent community need. The first reports show that before any classes had been graduated, the High School grades were simply continuations of the grammar grades, and were numbered in a similar manner. Thus we find that the class of '99, the first class to receive diplomas from this High School, went through the fourth years' term, not as first, second, third and fourth year pupils, but as members of the ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth grades.

That was when school was being conducted in the three-room frame building on Murray Street, just across the "wash" from the W. S. Hathaway residence. Prof. Paul G. Ward, the schoolmaster, beloved in the hearts and minds of those who were fortunate enough to come under his influence in those days, was the first High School principal. Miss Mildred Forsythe was the first assistant High School teacher, but she was not employed until 1897. The trustees during this period were Mr. C. A. Reid, Mrs. Ida T. Bird and Dr. J. C. King. A great deal of credit is due them for the commencement of the High School as well as the continuation of it.

From its very first year the Banning High School has been accredited to California universities and colleges.

Sue and Marian Bird, now Mrs. R. H. Coombs and Mrs. Frank Barbour, were the only members of the class of 1899. The graduation exercises that year were held in the hall upstairs in the brick building across from the Banning Hotel. These two graduates chose the colors for the High School—green and white.

Three more classes were graduated from the little school house. In 1900 Frank G. Reid and Robert Fountain were the graduates. The tragic ending of the life of Robert Fountain, in 1905, when he was a Senior in the law department at Stanford, was a deep grief to the en-

tire community. He was drowned in the lake on the university campus. This is the first and only break in the rank of graduates from the Banning High School.

In 1901 Laura Reid (Mrs. A. B. Handsby) and Frances King (Mrs. Tom Hannay) were given diplomas. Mrs. Hannay is a missionary in British East Africa and is the only one of the alumni now in a foreign country. She is at present superintendent of the mission school at Kijabe, and is translating two text books into the Kikuyu dialect for the use of her pupils.

In 1902 there were three graduates, including Hattie Richards, Madge King (Mrs. Norman L. Prince) and Martha Morris (Mrs. Robert King). This was the last class to graduate from the old building. In the fall of that year a new school building was erected, on the site of the present Central grammar school. To the class of 1903 went the honor of being the first class to graduate from the new building.

In 1904 a class of eight was graduated. Strangely enough, this class, which was the largest to leave the school up to that time, has only been equaled once in numbers. The 1910 class also had eight members. The old saying of "quality rather than quantity" seems to apply to the B. H. S.

The classes of '05 and '06 were sent out into the world without undue excitement, although it is interesting to note that the first class was made up of one girl and five boys, while '06 reversed the plan with one boy and four girls.

In the spring of 1907 the school house was burned to the ground. Banningites will not soon forget that occurrence, nor the sound of the school bell as it rang its own knell in the flames. By the way, that was the last school bell Banning had. Prior to the burning of the building, children in this community had been called to their studies by a bell; but with the rebuilding came modern methods and the elimination of the school bell.

The class of '07 was graduated in spite of the fact that the last few weeks of the term were spent by the pupils in church buildings instead of a real school house. During the summer a new building, the one now used as the Central grammar school, was started. The classes of '08, '09, '10, '11, '12, '13 and '14 were graduated from this school, adding a total number of thirty-five to the list of graduates.

It is, of course, impossible to give in a short space a complete history of the classes, or to speak of each and every one of the fine men and women who have made up the faculty during the years since '99 in the high school. There have been sixty-eight graduates from Banning High School in the sixteen classes. It is a noteworthy fact that almost every one has pursued a course of higher education at some normal school, college or university. There are representatives of the B. H. S. alumni in practically every profession, and each one is "making good."

Since the erection and occupation of the splendid Union High School building this year, another era has commenced for the B. H. S. On the cornerstone of the edifice appear the names of the trustees who were in office when it was planned and built. Among these are the names of Sue Bird Coombs, B. H. S., '99, and Mr. C. A. Reid, who was a member of the school board even before the first class was graduated. Mr. Reid's record of twenty-one years of continuous service to the community as a member of the board of trustees is not only an enviable one, but one which very few persons in the state can equal.

JESSICA BIRD, '04.

A Trip to the Mountains

IT was with joyful spirits and high anticipations that we boys left the little town for our first experience in the snow-covered mountains. Little did we realize what was really before us, and how our tense interest was to become keen enjoyment.

The morning was beautiful and warm, the sun was shining bright. Everything gave promise of an ideal day. After having ridden for several miles, we strapped our packs on each other and started to walk up the canyon, planning that our first stop would be at Camp Comfort. We hiked along in good time, and having reached the camp, sat down to rest. From that camp to the next was a more laborious journey than the preceding one, being in snow which covered the road. After this tramp of five or six miles, we were nearly exhausted when we reached the camp.

The name Big Oaks gives one a good idea of the place, which is filled with large spreading oak trees and low creeping bushes, half buried in snow at this season of the year. In the center of the camp is a small tent house, which seemed rather out of place at the time we were there. After resting for a while beneath the big oak trees, we started up the steep and snow-laden trail of Burnt Canyon, which is very narrow and steep, and full of brush, thus making it a long, difficult, wearisome journey. Tediously we cut our way through the snow, and slowly advanced up the trail to the summit.

The sun was getting low in the west and was casting its shadows in the valleys of Perris and Elsinore. Everything was dark and dull except the tip of the snow-capped San Jacinto, from which the light of the sun had not yet faded. In the west was one of the grandest sunsets that we had ever seen. The whole sky became a sea of color and fire; every dark part was turned into bright hues and on the silent clouds were reflected brilliant tints of crimson and purple, while the deep blue of

the upper sky was changed in places, till it was lost in the crimson and gold. To the left lay the valley, down which the sparkling little streams were wending their westerly course toward the ocean, surrounding the beautiful hills with all their black mass of brush. On the right, amid a profusion of thickets, knolls and crags was the high mountain, heavy laden with snow.

Around us on every side at the summit was snow, about twenty feet deep. It impressed us very much as accounts of Alaska or Siberia, where one might go for miles and never see old mother earth. When at sixty, we came to Raywood Camp, we were so cold, hungry and worn out that even a barn would have looked like a mansion.

There we found one of the coziest little bungalows in which we have ever been. Approaching from the north, we could easily have walked on the roof of the house, for the snow was level with the top; walking around to the south end, we were able to enter the house where the path had been cut to the door through several feet of snow. The men, who were staying in camp there for the winter, placed us in front of a mammoth fire-place, filled with burning logs. The two young men showed their hospitality by setting before us one of the most elaborate "feeds" we had ever sat down to devour. After this the evening was passed pleasantly with the aid of the phonograph, and was ended about twelve o'clock with a playful snow-ball fight.

We were in the cozy bedroom, where there was a much more comfortable bed than we had expected to find in this snow-bound country. Just as we were about ready to retire, we became interested in some guns, which were hanging on the wall. In response to our questions, the other fellows came in, gave full explanations and the privilege of shooting the guns. As we stood at the open door, one of the boys was pushed out into the snow in his bare feet. At once he was ready for an attack with a handful of snow, and the fight was on.

Our room was soon in great confusion, and in a few moments the bed and the floor were covered with snow. Our two opponents having obtained the key and locked the door behind them, escaped. Captives we were in the room, and our bed was no longer inviting. The covers were scattered over the floor, and everything was covered with snow. Imploringly did we beg permission to go to the fire in order to warm our feet. Just then one of us was struck with a bright idea. We would get some snow and renew the attack, when they should open the door. At last our opponents without, moved with pity, came to release us. Now they were at our disposal. At the first onslaught, they ran into the kitchen. Taking advantage of their absence, we put their bed in a condition similar to our own. As matters now stood even, all was dropped for a few hours of sleep.

The next morning we were awakened by snow flying in our faces, thrown by our adversaries of the preceding night. We enjoyed an ideal pioneer breakfast, consisting of oatmeal mush, hot cakes, coffee, and then more coffee.

After having put our hands to the work of repairing the irrigating canal which then needed attention, we found a new form of amusement; an ideal place for a slide some seventy-five yards long and having about a seventy-five per cent grade. When we were climbing the slope, it seemed almost perpendicular from the landing. The snow was about eight feet deep and fairly well packed, making a very fast slide. Our experiences here were thrilling and will never be forgotten by the members of the party. The first attempts were very successful, but, towards the last, it became very dangerous and was declared unsafe by us all because of the increasing hard and smooth condition of the snow. Then one of the boys, who having gained momentum in the descent, feared injury when he reached the landing, jammed his feet into the snow and was hurled some distance into the air. He struck on his shoulder, but fortunately escaped unhurt. This real acrobatic stunt, quite spectacular in-

deed, was considered a fitting close to this sport.

We then took our way to South Forks over a trail which is nearly level. The path leads around the side of the mountain among large fir trees, the branches of which were then covered with large chunks of ice. A person is fortunate if he is not hit on the head by some of these falling icicles. The altitude of South Forks is about nine thousand feet, and the snow never gets real soft, since it is frozen over night after night.

After another interesting day in this region, we retired that night earlier than usual, because we had a long journey before us on the morrow, when we were to return home.

The next morning, when we awoke, the sun was shining very bright on the crystalized snow, which sparkled and glittered as if it were a mountain of jewels. The pine trees with the snow resting on the green bending boughs did not seem to have been awakened by the bright and shining sun. The birds, the only wide-awake creatures that we could see or hear, were trying to entertain us with their sweet songs, very melodious and clear, and they seemed to wonder why we did not come out and listen to their gifted music.

When we were ready to leave about nine o'clock, we noticed the heavy fog which was beginning to hide the mountain tops. Soon the glorious morning sun was hidden by the obscure clouds which hung down and blended with the deep snow so that we were unable to distinguish which was snow and which was cloud. With a stiff west wind blowing and the temperature very low, the misty clouds froze on the west side of the branches of the tall pines and other shrubbery projecting out of the deep white snow, it seemed as though the trees were bearing the white blossoms of spring-time.

Saying farewell to mountains and camp where we had had such a glorious and exciting time, we started down Burnt Canyon towards our destination—Banning—where we arrived after a six-hour tramp. But the mem-

ory of that wonderful trip in those grand mountains will never be blotted out, but will be preserved as something worthy, delightful and real, added to our limited experiences.

W. M. '15, J. H. '17.



Drawing teacher—"If you get your fingers on your charcoal drawings you will leave a grease spot."

Upper classman to Freshie—"Yes, and if you get your fingers on my drawing you'll be a grease spot."

Oh, there was a young Sophie named Mutt,
Whose dome was way up in the skies;
And around the school grounds he did strut,
As he ogled the girls with his eyes.

Silently one by one,
In the infinite books of the teachers,
Blossom the sweet little zeroes—
The forget-me-nots of the Juniors.

There was once a teacher named Jackson,
Who said, "Work or I'll give you a whack, son."
When he sat on the chair things went up in the air,
For those boys, they had put some tacks on.

The Tramp

THE sky in the east was beginning to show the first faint streaks of dawn as a dusky figure came around the corner of a deserted old barn. He carried a roll of blankets on his back, and as he made his way slowly to the road, the gray morning light showed the shabby clothes and sunburned face of a tramp, such as is often seen along our country roads.

He crawled under the barbed-wire fence, which separated the field from the road, adding another large rent to those already in his tattered coat in doing so. He walked slowly, as if he were very tired, and as if the bundle on his back were almost more than he could carry. It would have been easy to understand this, if one had been following him in his long journey. Up hill and down, from one end of the country to the other, he had made his way. Many times he had risen in the morning from his hard bed in some old barn or under a tree, to depend, for his next meal, only upon the kindness of some thrifty farmer, or the few slices of bread given him by some little lady, who was afraid to refuse. He had asked for work, but there seemed to be none, except the occasional little jobs of chopping wood or of hoeing weeds.

Now, as he approached a comfortable-looking house, doubt and fear mingled in his heart, as he wondered what his reception was to be. As he drew near, there seemed to be no chance of work around this little house, for plenty of wood was piled neatly in the back yard, and not a weed was to be seen among the bright flowers and even rows of vegetables. He turned and looked around. There was not another house to be seen for a long distance, except that from which he had been coldly turned away the night before. Hesitating still, he turned in at the little gate and went around to the back door. A kind-looking old lady responded to his knock. No, there was no work for him to do, but if he must have food, she would give him some bread and an apple.

This little was received gratefully and was eaten before he reached the gate. It was no wonder, he thought, that every one was afraid of him, for truly he must look rather strange with his tangled hair, sandy beard of several weeks' growth and ragged unkempt clothes.

The sun was well up now, and was shining down hotly, upon the dusty road, which stretched out for miles before the traveler. He went on and on, stopping here and there in unsuccessful attempts to find work, greeted by cross words or barking dogs.

About sunset, he approached another farm. As a returning plowman drove his horses into the yard, a little girl ran across the green lawn to meet him and a colt neighed from the nearby barnyard, to its mother. The scene sent a pang of loneliness into the heart of the homeless wanderer, as he thought of his own weary life with its hardships and disappointments.

By the time the traveler arrived, the farmer was untying his team, whistling all the while, with now and then a merry word to the little girl by his side. As he caught sight of the man coming up the drive, he greeted him in his usual cordial way.

"Hello, stranger, what can I do for you?"

"I'm looking for work, sir," our traveler replied, while his gray eyes and quiet voice showed only too plainly how tired he was.

"Say, you've come quite a long ways, haven't you? Well, what can you do?"

"Oh, it makes no difference. Anything, so it brings me something to eat."

"Well, I'll tell you. I'll give you something to eat pretty soon, and you can sleep in the shed over there to-night. In the morning, I'll put you to work. Meantime, there's a wash-basin and some water over there."

The farmer, pointing toward the corner of the shed, continued his evening chores, while the poor tramp turned to remove the dust of his long journey.

A night's rest, after a good square meal, and relief, at least for a little while, from his struggle for existence, worked wonders for the poor traveler. The next day he presented himself ready for work, with a clean, smiling face and a happiness that made him forget his weary, aching body. When he was set about his task of hoeing weeds, he worked with such eagerness that the farmer decided to try him on other jobs. In a few more days, a shave and clean clothes and plenty of food had made a new man of him. He was not an old man now, but a respectable young fellow, who was proving himself worthy of a place at the family table with the other farm helpers. His eyes began to lose their dull, tired look and ceased to turn away, as if ashamed, from the glances of the other men.

Time went on. No one inquired into his past life, and he never mentioned it himself. No one need know of the struggles against failure and disappointment and temptation by which he had been nearly overcome, for he had run away from it all, and wished to forget it. He stayed with the farmer for more than a year, then he pushed on to other things. It was not hard for him to be successful now, for his early training had included a good education, and his willingness to work and kindness to every one won him a place wherever he went, as it had in the farmer's family. Opportunities opened to him in every direction, and taking advantage of them, he went on until the poor, wandering tramp became the mayor of one of the leading cities of his state. He has worked so faithfully and has filled his office so well that he will without doubt be a candidate for re-election. Through it all, he has never forgotten to be grateful to the farmer who was willing to give him a chance.

E. F. '15.

An Old Slave

IT was a warm summer evening on an old and deserted plantation in Virginia. The one time mansion was now an old and fast falling structure. The only inhabitants of this plantation were a few negro families. On this particular summer evening Uncle Joel rode up to a little shack and dismounted in front of the home of Sis Cloe Ann's. Sis Cloe Ann was performing her usual evening duty, that of singing "li'l" Henry to sleep.

Old Uncle Joel seemed to belong to no one now. He spent most of his nights in a lonely little hut, making his daily trips among the negro families, always happening along about meal time. Early in the morning he could be seen riding an old flea-bitten donkey, which was, to all appearances, nearly as old as its owner.

"Jes' one minute," said Sis Cole Ann at Uncle Joel's approach, "and I'll be's gitten dat ole shirt of yourn. Why doan you git a new one? I've done bin patchin' on it fo' nea'ly a whole year. Dis hea' las' time I 'lowed I nevah was gwine to git it to look right purt."

"Wal, nevah min', Sis Cloe Ann, you won' have to be a doin' much mo' to it. I 'lows you be a gwine to chu'ch in de mo'ning? How's old Sis Mirandy? I ain't bin nigh dar for all dis long week back."

"I 'lows she bin all right if she ain't gone and git sick. She come alon' yestaday and she begun expostulatin' 'bout religion. 'Dar ain't no use talkin,' says she, 'I don' gone and had an expiration, and I foun' out if you don' go to chu'ch on the good Lo'd's day you nevah can 'spect to git to heabem.' Oh! I tell you she'll be down dar to dat lil' white chu'ch in de mo'nin.'" Old Uncle Joel departed for his little cabin with his one treasured Sunday shirt tucked under his arm.

The next morning dawned clear and bright, and the old donkey by custom knew it was Sunday. As Uncle Joel mounted his steed he thought of the pasture gate which he had left open. He thought he could, by hurry-

ing, ride down and fasten it before church time. The donkey, being accustomed to the long-traveled route of Sunday morning, refused to budge an inch from the road. Uncle Joel pulled and whipped and coaxed and whipped and coaxed and pulled and whipped some more. Finally the donkey came to the conclusion he would not stand such abuse any longer, so, raising his hind legs, he gently deposited his load on the soft grass, and began grazing near by.

Now the people, gathered at the little church, were wondering where old Uncle Joel could be. They surely could not hold meetin' without him. Sis Mirandy started out in the direction of his cabin. Half way down the road she saw the old donkey and, upon approaching, found Uncle Joel lying on the grass. "Law me, I done knowed dat's what dat ol' donkey would do," she said to herself. She stopped at the well to get some fresh water, which she carried to the prostrate figure. Uncle Joel was soon sitting up. "Law me, I done knowed dat's what would happen to you. You sure am too ol' a nigger to be livin' all alone. Don' you know?"

"Wall, Sis Mirandy, dat's what I's been a gwine to tell you fo' a lon' while." Then, arm in arm, they slowly made their way to the church.

L. G., 16



Once a Freshman was washed on the African coast,
Where a cannibal monarch held sway.
And they served up that Freshman on slices of toast,
On the eve of that very same day.

But vengeance of Heaven followed swift on their act,
And before the next morning was seen—
By the cholera morbus the tribe was attacked,
For that Freshman was terribly green.

SOCIAL NOTES

Early in the year the home of Mr. and Mrs. Blee was the scene of a reception to the new students of the high school, in the form of a cob-web party. Much fun was had in games out-of-doors, then the cob-web of pink and blue twine was unraveled and the partners for supper were found. The Freshmen were all supplied with bibs, so that no harm would be done if they spilled their ice cream and cake. The party was voted a great success as such parties at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Blee always are.

One of the first ball games of the year took place on the Beaumont diamond. A jolly party of young folks went to our neighboring city in a big hay wagon, and there they watched the game with great interest. After a substantial picnic supper was enjoyed at the reservoir near Highland Home, the young people returned home tired, but happy.

On the evening of October 30, a number of white ghosts assembled at "The Gables" in response to some mysterious invitations. They were led into the house lighted only by the grinning faces of many Jack o' lanterns, which shone forth from every possible corner, while black cats, bats and witches were very much in evidence everywhere. After a march through the house and around the yard, the ghosts returned to the house where they discarded their robes. Then they enjoyed a very pleasant evening of games and frolic and refreshments in the usual Banning High School manner.

Another evening "The Gables" was again the scene of a merry time, in the form of a jolly-up in honor of Miss Hield. A number of new games were enjoyed by the young people, and, after salad, cake and chocolate were served, the pleasant evening was closed with music.

One beautiful moonlight evening a group of young folks gathered in front of the grammar school building with bags and boxes and set off on a hike to the Cienega, where a big bon fire was built, over which apples and marshmallows were roasted. After a pleasant time of story telling around the fire, the party watched the coals die away and then set off toward town.

Among the first good times to be held in our new high school building was a reception to the Beaumont ball team. After a hard won victory for our school, an enthusiastic crowd escorted the visitors to the school house, where they were given plenty of time to observe all the fine points of our beautiful building. After this they were led to the dining room, which was gayly decorated with green and white, the colors of both schools. While the high school orchestra played in an adjoining room, delicious refreshments were served to the hungry ball players and the others. A grand march in the assembly room ended the fun, after which the visitors returned over the hill to their homes.

The boys and girls of the high school gathered at the home of Mrs. Norman L. Prince for a bean-supper, one evening in February. A delicious meal was served cafeteria style and was enjoyed by the young people seated on sofa pillows all around the room. When everyone had eaten his fill, they all went over to the Methodist church to hear Mr. Mullen's sermon for young people, grateful to Mrs. Prince for a very good time.

On Friday evening, April 16, the Freshmen entertained the other classes with a masquerade party at the high school. The room where the guests were entertained was beautifully decorated and when filled with the young folks dressed in many interesting costumes, presented a very gay appearance. Jolly games were enjoyed by all, after which refreshments of ice-cream and cake were served. At half-past ten everyone went home, voting the Freshmen's first party a great success.

On Friday evening, April 30, Miss Boudinot entertained the High School delightfully at "The Gables." In spite of the rain, nearly all the young people were there. An amusing and interesting program was given, in which a member from each class gave a speech describing his classmates and predicting their futures. Music was also an important feature of the program as well as some jolly and exciting games. Delicious refreshments finished the evening which was considered a great success by everyone.

One very important event of the year was a musical entertainment given by the Student Body of the High School to the people of the town. A number of selections were given by the orchestra and music on the violin and piano, as well as German, Spanish and Japanese songs, made up the program. A large audience enjoyed the affair, the proceeds of which were used for framing the pictures in the assembly room.

On May 28, the play "The Strenuous Life," was given in the opera house by the high school. This play presents an interesting and amusing story of college life at Berkeley. The cast was as follows:

Tom Harrington	Wilson Stone
Byron Harrington, his father	Bayard Ellis
Dulcie, his sister	Virginia Vincent
Reginald Black, his chum	William Mackey
Ruth Thornton	Cora Cusick
Mrs. Wigginton Wiggins	Julia Jennings
Prof. Magee	Charles Wing
Prof. William Everett James	Samuel Smith
James Roberts, freshman	James Hodges
Mr. Dawley	Milton Gandy
Widow Maguire	Esther Franklin
Mr. Davenant	Wilkie Brock
Marian Davenant, his daughter	Beulah Eli
Chia, the Japanese maid	Esther Franklin

An important annual social event which is always looked forward to, is when the Juniors entertain in honor of the Seniors. This year it took place at the high school on May 21, in the form of a hayseed party. The guests came attired as country cousins and seemed to be very happy as such. A very enjoyable time was spent and was ended, at last, with old-fashioned refreshments of pie and coffee. Everyone, and the Seniors in particular, went away grateful to the Juniors for a jolly evening.

E. F., '15.

ATHLETICS

Baseball has been our chief interest in athletics this year, as we have been best prepared for it.

With the lack of material and small number of our athletes, we were unable to carry on basketball and very little tennis. Unfavorable conditions proved to us the impossibility on our part of entering into track or any other athletics (except baseball)

The spirit and enthusiasm of the students of B. H. S. has been favorable for a very successful season of baseball, despite the lack of material and the distance from the larger towns of the county, which prevented us from entering any league. Much of the credit for our success is due to "Spider Ellis," the pitcher, who proved a mystery to the opposing batsmen. Wiefels, on first for most of the season; Hodges, on second and later on first; C. Gandy, in outfield and later on second; Mackey holding down third, with Holcomb on short, and Brock doing the backstopping, gave us a peppery infield. The outfield consisted of M. Gandy, Strong, Comacho and Long. The team as a whole has had a good year.

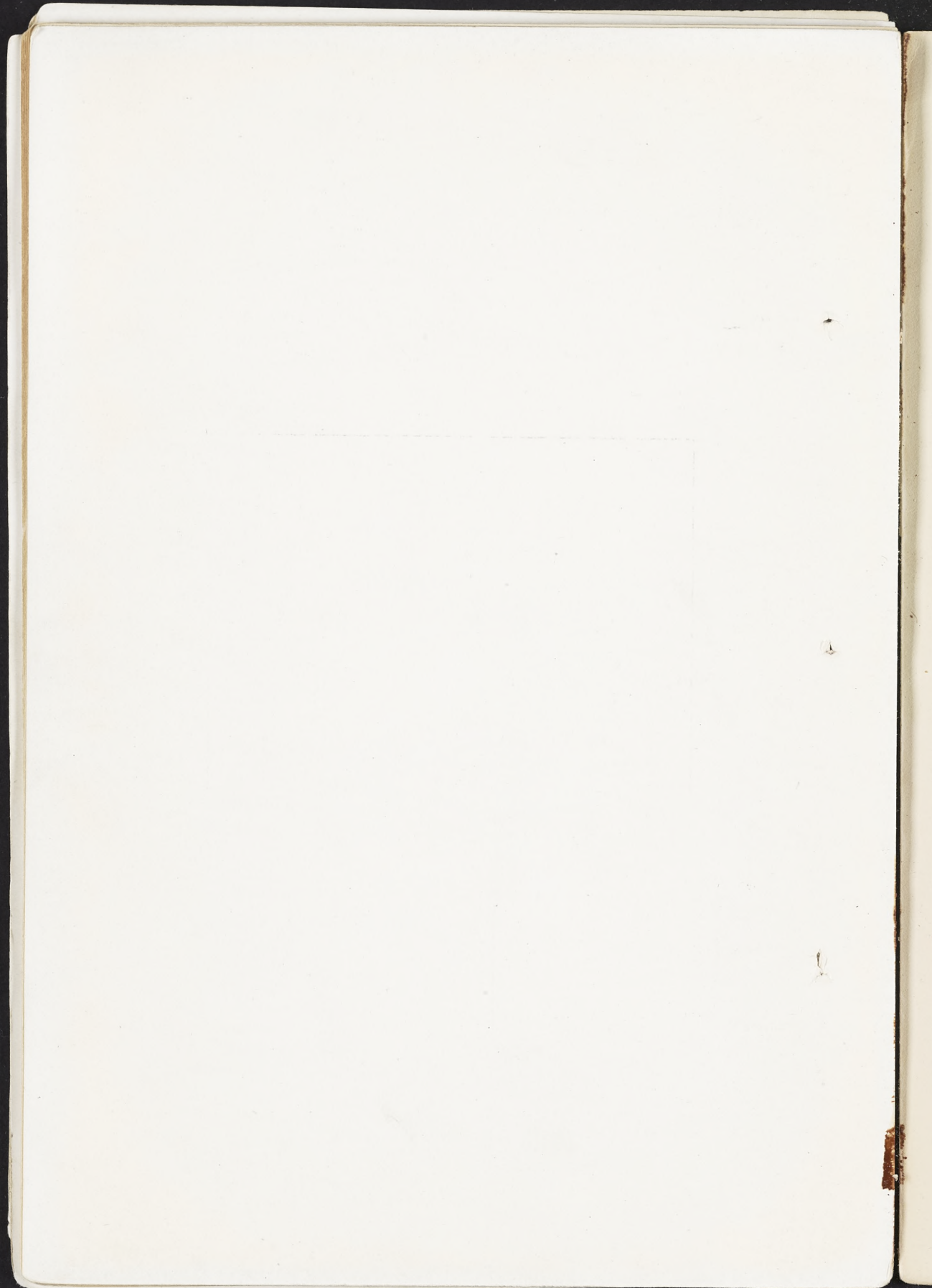
Our first game was played with the St. Boniface School, which afforded a good batting practise for our boys. As we have no official count of the score, nothing is recorded but a very lopsided victory.

For our second game, the boys traveled to Beaumont, where our aggregation played Santa Claus, and gave Beaumont a very easy game, the score being 9 to 3.

The next game was in Banning, in which our boys entertained Beaumont, giving them a thrashing by the tune of 3 to 2.



Banning High School Baseball Team



	AB	R	H		AB	R	H
Ellis.....	3	0	1	Woods	3	0	0
Brock	4	1	0	Lanning	4	0	0
Holcomb	4	0	0	Moffit.....	3	0	1
Hodges	3	1	1	Harrison	3	0	0
Wiefels	4	1	0	Erickson	3	0	0
Mackey	3	0	0	Mayes.....	3	0	0
C. Gandy	3	0	0	Bailey.....	0	2	0
Strong	3	0	0	Gilpine	3	0	1
M. Gandy.....	3	0	0	Salvage.....	3	0	0

Our boys were invited to San Jacinto, where they did themselves justice, and brought home the bacon. This game was the best that our boys played, breaking a tie of 1 to 1 in the eighth inning and holding our opponents down.

	AB	R	H		AB	R	H
Ellis.....	4	2	0	Hildreth	4	1	0
Brock	4	0	0	Brittain	4	0	0
Holcomb	4	0	1	Walters.....	4	0	0
Wiefels	4	0	1	Sizelove	3	0	0
Mackey	4	0	0	Dunham	4	0	0
Camacho	4	0	0	Gates	4	0	0
C. Gandy	3	0	0	Grover	4	0	0
Strong	2	0	0	Tanner	2	0	0
M. Gandy.....	4	0	0	Dynes	2	0	0

The game was called at 2:30 p. m. After S. J. had made a tally in the first inning, each side was intensely interested in the fast game and held each other down until the sixth inning, in which Ellis scored a run by Holcomb's sizzling two-bagger over shortstop. The game grew more and more interesting for both teams until the eighth inning, in which Ellis was sacrificed from first to second by "Shortie" Holcomb, and made home on "Mutt" Wiefels' clean hit over first. Both teams played an excellent game.

Our ball tossers again visited Beaumont and we were whipped by the score of 7 to 5.

	AB	R	H		AB	R	H
Ellis.....	3	2	1	Moffit	5	2	2
Brock	4	0	2	Wood	3	1	1
Holcomb	5	2	2	Salvage.....	4	0	0
Hodges	3	0	0	Harrison	4	0	1
Wiefels	4	1	1	Bailey	4	1	1
Mackey	5	0	0	Gilpin	4	0	2
Gandy.....	4	0	0	Erickson	4	0	0
Camacho	4	0	0	Lanning	3	1	1
Long	4	0	1	Martin	4	2	1

We turned the trick when the Beaumont bunch a few weeks later came down to Banning by giving them an overwhelming 7 to 5 defeat. After this game we entertained them in our new High School building, the eats being made and served by our loyal girls.

	AB	R	H		AB	R	H
Ellis.....	4	0	0	Moffit	5	1	1
Brock	4	2	2	Salvage.....	5	1	1
Holcomb	4	0	1	Harrison	4	0	1
Wiefels	4	1	1	Bailey.....	4	0	1
Mackey	5	1	0	Lanning.....	3	0	0
Camacho	4	1	1	Woods.....	3	1	0
Gandy.....	4	1	1	Erickson	3	0	0
Strong.....	4	1	0	Gilpin	3	1	0
Long	3	0	0	Martin	4	1	0

Just before the last game with Beaumont, they gave in return a banquet, consisting of a chicken dinner, which was enjoyed by the ball team and the faithful rooters.

In the last game the Beaumonters took sweet revenge, and each side played air-tight baseball after the second inning, in which they romped us for a brace of runs. Thus they cinched the game, taking advantage of the odd game on their home grounds, where we had encountered them, the score being 5 to 3.

	AB	R	H		AB	R	H
Ellis.....	3	2	0	Moffit	4	1	0
Brock	4	0	0	Mono	4	1	0
Holcomb	4	1	0	Wood	4	0	0
Hodges	4	0	0	Gilpin	2	0	0
Mackey	5	0	0	Lanning.....	4	1	0
Camacho	4	0	0	Bliss.....	3	1	0
Gandy.....	3	0	0	Hover	1	1	0
Strong.....	3	0	0	Martin.....	3	0	0
Long	3	0	0	Bailey	3	0	0

At this writing our activities have been interrupted by bad weather, but we hope to play more games before the school year closes.

The Funny Side of Life

Teacher—"What is the largest river in Italy?"

Bill M.—"The—the—the—"

Cora C.—"Say Po, kid."

Bill M.—"Sapokit."

Miss Boudinot in Sophomore English class, opening the window, was met by a warm current of air. Quickly closing it, she said: "I guess we have enough hot air in here already."

Senior life makes tall, graceful people. Esther Franklin and Wm. M. are remarkable examples.

Earnest Freshman—"Mr. Blee says there is music in everything, but he is mistaken. There is no music in me."

If England is the mother land, is Trinidad?"

One Senior to another—"Say, kid, wouldn't you like to have a lot of brains like that man?"

"Fire and brimstone fly between now. (watch 'em).

Though you travel the world over from north to south,
You'll find nothing about a Freshie quite so obvious as
his mouth.

Prof Blee—"What is a rhombus?"

Sophomore—"A squashed rectangle."

Freshie, in giving the definition of "snore."—"An unfavorable report from head-quarters."

Mr. Blee—"Miss Hough left her veil out in a buggy tied to a tree. Did anybody find it?"

First Freshie—"How was it that President Wilson was afraid of Mexico?"

Second Freshie—"President Wilson was not afraid of Mexico. He can lick any nation in the U. S. and he knows it, and so do you."

Heard in English III:

Miss B—"Bayard, why do you think the girl regretted having one lock stolen when she still had one left?"

Bayard—"Probably because it made her lop-sided."

Heard in Sophomore English class:

Miss B—"Logan have you written your description?"

Logan—"Oh, um, well, no, not on paper."

Harold Wiefels would do the last thing on earth for anybody. See who he is.

Absence makes the marks grow rounder.

Bad For the Nerves

An important editorial as given by Logan in Sophomore English class:

"Even the ticking of a watch under the pillow is said to be highly injurious. All clocks and watches should be banished from the bedroom. Small, but persistent, noises are said to be a factor in producing nervous troubles and disorders in both men and women."

Miss B. (In ancient history)—“What were the events that led to Caesar’s death?”

Bright Freshie—“Um, Eh, Oh—What do you mean? How did he die?”

Prof. Blee—Noise is a sound that displeases. A musical sound is one that pleases.”

Bayard (as dismissal bell rings)—“There’s a musical sound.”

“The small boys are always picking on Bayard.”

Loretta—“Yes they like to play with a spider.”

Miss B. (In American history)—“What was claimed as the southern boundary of Alaska?”

William—“Cape Horn, wasn’t it?”

Found in a Freshman’s composition: The choir arose and sang the dogs’ holiday.” (doxology)

Mr. Blee’s annual story: A little boy went to the barber and asked to have his hair cut like his papa’s, “How’s that,” asked the barber. “In curls.”

P. K. looked at Esther Wolfe.

Ah! Such a pretty miss,

He crept a little nearer,

And slyly stole a—way.

A Senior is one who doesn't know a thing and thinks he knows it all.

A Junior is one who doesn't know a thing and knows that he doesn't.

A Sophomore is one who is very wise in his own mind.

A Freshie knows everything and thinks he doesn't know anything.

The Faculty is a body of members hired to help the Seniors run things.

Prof. Blee, in physics class—"Gentlemen, if anything should go wrong with this experiment the laboratory and I would be blown sky high. Gather closer, my boys, so you may follow me more easily."

A little boy was heard to remark to his mother after returning from the show:

"Mama did you see that girl with all the ribbons on her hair, that Bayard had at the show?"

Mama—"Yes."

"Well, William Mackey had her once, and now Bayard has her and when I get big I'm going to have her."

Jimmy Hodges is a little sport,
With his coat cut long and his pants cut short.
He has such a marvelously important air,
That where'er he goes the people stare.

Teacher—"Name five presidents of the U. S."

Green Freshie—"Admiral Dewey, George Lincoln, Abraham Washington, General Lee and—and."

Teacher—"And what?"

Green Freshie—"And Bill Mackey. He'll be the next, so I'll name him."

Miss Boudinot—"William, who was Chaucer?"

William, aside to Cora in a whisper—"Who is he?"

Cora, looking up at the person just entering the door, whispered—"Marion Butler."

Heard in San Diego:

Conductor—"Fair."

Miss Boudinot—"No, quite cloudy."

Teacher—"The three boys in the front seats were the only ones that got the correct answers to the exams."

Voice (from the rear)—"Good team work."



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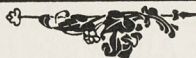
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THE cows are in the meadow,
The sheep are in the grass,
But all the silly, little geese
Are in the Freshman Class.

